

THE
GERMAN SONGSTER,

OR

A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE AIRS,

WITH THEIR ORIGINAL MUSIC,

DONE INTO ENGLISH, BY THE TRANSLATOR

OF

THE GERMAN ERATO, ETC.

THE SECOND EDITION.



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1800.

WINTER SONG.

Allegretto.

Schultz.

Now Win-ter strips with ruth-less haste, the poplar's leafy pride; De-
forms the vale with chil-ling blast, and checks the crys-tal tide. While
each fair flow'r of bright-est glow, lies deep entomb'd in ice and snow.

I.
NOW Winter strips with ruthless haste,
The poplar's leafy pride;
Deforms the vale with chilling blast,
And checks the crystal tide. —
While each fair flow'r of brightest glow,
Lies deep entomb'd in ice and snow.

II.
Yet, luckless blossoms, cease to claim
The sympathetic lay,
In Fanny's face your colours beam,
And sweeter hues display;
Bright azure shines in either eye,
Her lips the rose's tints defy.

III.
Nor more let Philomela wail,
And let the lark be still,
While Fanny's dearer notes prevail,
And softer warblings tell;
Her lips exhale the breath of Spring,
Fresh winnow'd by the zephyr's wing.

IV.
And when the melting kiss I snatch,
And hold her to my heart,
The cherry and the juicy peach,
Not half such sweets impart.
What then for May have I to care,
While Spring and Summer bloom in her!

SONG.

*Andantino.**Nägeli.*

CHOR. Snatch fleet - ing plea - sures; hence mop - ing irk - some care!

Ga - ther life's ro - ses, whilst fresh and fair. With

cease - less care we court our harms; in quest of thorns we rove the mead, and

slight the vi - let's mo - dest charms, that bloom be - neath our tread.

I.

WITH ceaseless care we court our harms;
 In quest of thorns we rove the mead,
 And slight the violet's modest charms,
 That bloom beneath our tread.
 Snatch fleeting pleasures; etc.

II.

What tho' at morn the tempest lours,
 And round the fork'd lightnings play;
 Erelong the stormy blast is o'er,
 And gladsome smiles the day.
 Snatch fleeting pleasures; etc.

III.

The breast that Envy ne'er alarms,
 Seeks pure delight in calm retreat;
 And all alive to Nature's charms,
 Meets bliss that lies the great.
 Snatch fleeting pleasures; etc.

IV.

Who courts fair Truth with vow sincere,
 Nor checks Compassion's sigh;
 His home Contentment's smile shall cheer;
 Blest smile, no wealth can buy!
 Snatch fleeting pleasures; etc.

V.

Whene'er intruding gloom prevails,
 And sorrow prompts the starting tear,
 Kind Friendship's smile the cloud dispels,
 And softens ev'ry care.
 Snatch fleeting pleasures; etc.

VI.

For Friendship stills Affliction's sigh,
 And smooths Misfortune's rugged way;
 To twilight turns the darksome sky,
 And twilight into day.
 Snatch fleeting pleasures; etc.

VII.

Hail, sacred Friendship, heav'nly pow'r!
 To thee the daily vow shall rise;
 So bliss shall glide the fleeting hour,
 And lead to brighter skies!
 Snatch fleeting pleasures; etc.

SONG.

Andantino.

Schultz.

Tell me, where's the vi-let fled, Late so gay-ly blow-ing;

Springing 'neath fair Flo-ra's tread, choicest sweets be-stow-ing

Poco Andantino.

Swain, the ver-nal scene is o'er, and the vi-let blooms no more.



I.

TELL me, where's the vi'let bed,
 Late so gayly blowing;
 Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,
 Choicest sweets bestowing?
 Swain, the vernal scene is o'er,
 And the vi'let blooms no more!

II.

Say, where hides the blushing rose,
 Pride of fragrant morning;
 Garland meet for beauty's brows;
 Hill and dale adorning?
 Gentle maid, the Summer's bed,
 And the happy rose is dead!

III.

Bear me then to yonder rill,
 Late so freely flowing;
 Wat'ring many a daffodil,
 On its margin glowing.
 Sun and wind exhaust its store;
 Yonder riv'let glides no more!

IV.

Lead me to the bow'ry shade,
 Late with roses flaunting;
 Lov'd resort of youth and maid,
 Am'rous ditties chanting.
 Hail and storm with fury show'r;
 Leafless mourns the rifled bow'r!

V.

Say, where bides the village maid
 Late yon cot adorning? —
 Oft I've met her in the glade,
 Fair and fresh as morning.
 Swain, how short is beauty's bloom!
 Seek her in her grassy tomb!

VI.

Whither roves the tuneful swain,
 Who, of rural pleasures,
 Rose and vi'let, rill and plain,
 Sung in dearest measures?
 Maiden, swift life's vision flies,
 Death has clos'd the poet's eyes!

S O N G.

*Andantino.**Schulz.*

Scarce six - teen sum - mers had I seen, and rov'd my na - tive

bow - ers; Nor stray'd my thoughts be - yond the green, be - deck'd with shrubs and

flow - ers.

I.

SCARCE sixteen summers had I seen,
 And rov'd my native bowers,
 Nor stray'd my thoughts beyond the green,
 Bedeck'd with shrubs and flowers.

II.

When late a stranger youth appear'd,
 I neither wish'd nor sought him;
 He came, but whence I never heard,
 And spoke what love had taught him.

III.

His hair in graceful ringlets play'd,
 All eyes are charm'd that view them,
 And o'er his comely shoulders array'd,
 As wanton Zephyrs blew them.

IV.

His speaking eyes of azure hue
 Seem'd ever softly suing; —
 And such an eye, so clear and blue,
 Ne'er shone for maid's undoing.

V.

His face was fair, his cheek was red,
 With blushes ever burning;
 And all he spoke was deftly said,
 Though far beyond my learning.

VI.

Where'er I stray'd, the youth was nigh,
 His looks soft sorrows speaking;
 "Sweet maid" he'd say, then gaze and sigh
 As if his heart were breaking.

VII.

And once, as low his head he hung,
 I fain would ask the meaning;
 When round my neck his arms he flung,
 Soft tears his griefs explaining,

VIII.

Such freedom ne'er was ta'en till now;
 And now 'twas unoffending;
 Shame spread my cheek with ruddy glow,
 My eyes kept downwards bending.

IX.

Nor ought I spoke; — my looks he read,
 As if with anger burning;
 No, not one word. — Away he sped.
 Ah, would he were returning!

FREE-MASON'S SONG.

*Andantino moderato.**Mozart.*

Voc.

Cimbal.

Let truth and spot-less faith be thine, till

Chor.

life's vain pa - geants close; and still at Vir-tue's sa - cred shrine, be

mf. *p* *mf.*

breath'd thy ar - dent vows!

I.

LET Truth and spotless Faith be thine,
 Till life's vain pageants close;
 And still at Virtue's sacred shrine,
 Be breath'd thy ardent vows.

II.

Thy pilgrim path with flow'rs shall bloom,
 And sun-shine glad the day;
 While undimay'd we eye the tomb,
 And smile at life's decay.

III

Content serene thy steps shall 'bide;
 Fair maid of mien divinest
 And sweet shall taste the crystal tide,
 As cups of rosy wine.

IV.

The slave to guilt still quakes with fear,
 Tho' syren charms invite: —
 No joy, his languid day shall cheer,
 No soft repose, the night.

V.

In vain shall Spring revive the plain,
 And glad the vocal grove;
 The breast, where baser passions reign,
 No vernal raptures move.

VI.

He shudders at the whispering breeze,
 Appell'd with guilt and fear,
 In vain the dream of life shall cease: —
 Nor end his terrors there!

VII.

O then, let Truth and Faith be thine,
 Till life's vain prospects fade;
 And still at Virtue's sacred shrine
 Thy ardent vows be paid.

VIII.

So shall the friends we leave below,
 Bedew with tears our tomb;
 And round, the freshest sod shall grow,
 And choicest flow'rs shall bloom!

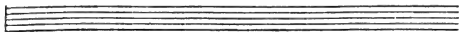
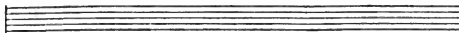
MOON-LIGHT.

Reichardt.

Scat - ter'd o'er the star - ry pole, glim - mers

Cyn - this's beam, whis - p'ring so the self - ten'l

soul Fan - cy's va - ried dream.



I.

SCATTER'D o'er the starry pole,
Glimmers Cynthia's beam;
Whisp'ring to the soften'd soul
Fancy's varied dream.

II.

O'er the landscape, far and nigh,
Gleams the glowing night,
Soft as friendship's melting eye
Bends its soothing light.

III.

Touch'd, in turn, by joy and pain,
Quick responds my heart: —
Flots, as mem'ry paints the scene,
Twixt delight and smart.

IV.

Riv'let, speed thy flowing race;
So my years have flown!
Past delights thy lapse displays:
Joys forever gone!

V.

Dear the transports once I knew;
Dear and lov'd in vaint —
Mem'ry's ling'ring fond review
Turns the past to pain.

VI.

Riv'let, urge thy ceaseless flow,
Gurgling speed thee on;
Whisp'ring strains of plaintive woe:
Mournful unison! —

VII.

— Whether, at the midnight scene,
Swells thy troubled source;
Or, along the flow'ry green,
Glides with gentler course.

VIII.

Blest the man, who timely wies,
Seeks retirement's shade;
Bliss, whose lot a friend supplies,
Partner of the glade; —

IX.

Calmer pleasures there invite;
Joys, nor vain, nor loud;
Joys, that erring mortals slight;
Joys, that shun the crowd!

CRADLE-SONG.

Andante. *Grave.*

O, gentle be thy slum - bers, so - rena thy life's ca -

reer! And, sof - ter blow ye as - phyr, Nor wake my sleep - ing

care. And ev - 'ry guar - dian pow - er, pro - pi - tious look be -

low, and, with a pa - rent's fond - ness, your fon' - ring smiles be -



I.

O, gentle be thy slumbers,
 Serene thy life's career!
 And, softer blow, ye Zephyrs,
 Nor wake my sleeping care.
 And, ev'ry guardian power,
 Propitious look below;
 And, with a parent's fondness,
 Your fostering smiles bestow!

II.

May roses, ever blooming,
 Thy devious path bestrew;
 Nor passion's lawless fury,
 Thy tender heart subdue.
 May Virtue e'er attend thee,
 And lasting joys provide;
 Youth's early dawn still gracing,
 Still manhood's noblest pride!

III.

O, thou that gav'st the blessing,
 Let Virtue's calm delight,
 Betimes his heart encircle,
 Betimes his steps invite.
 But should these hopes so tender,
 All fruitless prove and vain;
 At once, O snatch him from me; —
 And death shall end my pain!

LOVE'S WITCHCRAFT.

*Allegretto.**Schulz.*

Maid-en, look me in the face, stead-fast, se-rious, no gri-

mace! Maid-en, mark me, now I ask thee, an-swer quickly, what I

ask thee. Stead-fast, look me in the face. Lit-tle vix-en no gri-

mace!

I.

MAIDEN, look me in the face;
 Steadfast, serious, — no grimace!
 Maiden, mark me, now I task thee,
 Answer quickly, what I ask thee;
 Steadfast, look me in the face.
 Little vixen, — no grimace!

II.

Frightful art thou not, 'tis true;
 Eyes thou hast of lovely blue;
 Lips and cheeks, the rose defying,
 Blossom, snow in whiteness vying.
 Charms thou hast; — ah, sure 'tis true;
 Killing eyes of azure hue!

III.

Be thou lovely; — yet, I ween,
 Fair thou art, but not a queen.
 Not the queen of all that's charming;
 Not alone all hearts alarming.
 Fair and bright; — but still, I ween,
 Bright and fair; but not a queen!

IV.

When I turn me here and there,
 Scores of lovely maids appear:
 Scores of maids, in beauty blooming,
 Claims, as fair as thine, assuming:
 Scores of maidens, here and there,
 Smile as sweet, and look as fair!

V.

Yet hast thou imperial sway; —
 I, thy willing slave, obey: —
 Sway imperial, now to tease me,
 Now to soothe and now to please me.
 Life and death attend thy sway;
 See thy willing slave obey!

VI.

Scores of maidens? — what a train!
 Scores and scores! — yet all were vain,
 Should e'en thousands strive to shace thee
 From the throne where love doth place thee;
 Tens of thousands! — what a train!
 All their fondest arts were vain!

VII.

Look me, charmer, in the face;
 Little vixen, no grimace!
 Tell me, why for a while I'm sighing,
 Thine alone, and others flying!
 Little charmer, no grimace!
 Speak, and look me in the face!

VIII.

Long the cause I've vainly scan'd,
 Why to thee alone I bend! —
 Tortur'd thus, nor know the reason!
 Martyr still to am'rous treason!
 Fair enchantress; — fore me stand.
 Speak; — and shew thy magic wand!

THE INVITATION.

*Affetuoso.**Reichardt.*

Come, Lau - ra, dear - est maid, let ver - nal joys de -

light thee. Stern winter's storms are laid, And bill and vale in -

vite thee, in ver - nal pomp ar - ray'd.

I.

COME, Laura, dearest maid,
 Let rural joys delight thee;
 Stern Winter's storms are laid,
 And hill and vale invite thee,
 In vernal pomp array'd

II.

Yon lucid lake serene,
 See fragrant hawthorn's border;
 See lambskins, o'er the green,
 Disport in gay disorder,
 And deck the smiling scene.

III.

From yonder bow'ry shade,
 Sad love-lorn anguish pouring,
 The turtle fills the glade;
 His absent mate alluring,
 That loiters down the mead.

IV.

Nor calls the dove in vain; —
 Back flies the soften'd rover.
 Dear maid, then, soothe my pain,
 Regard thy plaintive lover: —
 O come, dear maid, again!

MORNING HYMN.

*Dolce & andantino.**Ehrenberg.*

How smiles the o - p'ning dawn, wide o'er the spread - ing

lawn; as night's dan sha - dows speed their flight. Hail,

Na - ture's charm di - vine! Be - fore her hal - low'd

shrine, how glows my heart with fond de - light

I.

HOW smiles the op'ning dawn,
 Wide o'er the spreading lawn,
 As night's dun shadows speed their flight!
 Hail, Nature's charms divine!
 Before her hallow'd shrine,
 How glows my heart with fond delight!

II.

Hail, Nature's sov'reign Lord!
 At whose creative word,
 The awe-inspiring scene arose!
 Thy goodness grants me more,
 Than dare my pray'rs implore; —
 Than dare my ardent fondest vows!

III.

At midnight's silent hour,
 While sleep's reviving pow'r
 Gives health, and life, and vig'rous joy;
 Thy wakeful care presides,
 Nor harm my soul betides; —
 Nor fears my balmy rest annoy.

IV.

The new-born day, how fair!
 How sweet the freshen'd air!
 How rings the grove with votive lays!
 The tuneful song, I'll join,
 And chant thy name divine; —
 And swell the grateful note of praise!

TO FORTUNE.

*Adagio.**Scärkel.*

O For-tune, fi - ckle god - dess; a mo - ment, quit the

care, of thrones and jar - ring em - pires, and 'neath my roof re -

pair. A kind re - gard, O deign me; One

smile, nor more I claim: Nor pants my soul for trea-sures; — Con-

tent its fond-est aim! Nor pants my soul for

treasures; Con-tent its fond-est aim!



cresc.

I.

O, Fortune, fickle goddess,
A moment, quit the care
Of thrones and jarring empires,
And 'neath my roof repair.
A kind regard, O deign me;
One smile; — no more I claim:
Nor pants my soul for treasures; —
Content it's fondest aim!

II.

Be small my simple dwelling,
Nor round with bumblebees strewn,
Just room for frolic measures,
A gay repast to crown:
Repast of unbought dainties;
My garden's modest grace;
The woodland's plummy tenants;
The riv'let's hazy race.

III.

Let Flora deck my borders
With many a lovely flow'r;
The grape, in mellow clusters,
Juicy wine my rustic bow'r;
And let the purple nectar,
The generous vine bestows,
Be quaff'd to Love and Friendship
Beneath the pendant boughs: —

IV.

To Love, the choicest blessing,
That favour'd mortals taste! —
To Friendship, gift of heaven,
That sweetens life's repast!
This, grant me, gentle goddess;
No farther boon I crave: —
Thy golden favours, lavish,
On vain ambition's slave!

MUTUAL LOVE.

*Affettuoso.**Schultz.*

Could I fan-cy that for me; thou a transient thought could'st spare,

or, of what I feel for thee, e'en a thousandth part could'st share; —

I.

Could I fancy, that for me,
 Thou a transient thought could'st spare;
 Or, of what I feel for thee,
 E'en a thousandth part could'st share; —

II.

When I greet thee, would'st thou deign,
 One kind look, to bid me live; —
 Or, one life return again;
 Sweet return, for those I give;

III.

All dissolv'd in tender joy,
 High my raptur'd heart would beat;
 Fondly at thy feet I'd sigh;
 Fondly call my bondage sweet!

IV.

Dear the change of mutual vows;
 Love return'd new love shall claim;
 And the spark, that faintly glows,
 Soon shall blaze an ardent flame!

A D U E T.

Andantino.
Woman.

I'm vex'd, I'm plagued, I loath the day; for grief I know not where I stray, yet all my

cares are vain. 'Tis Cu-pid, ruth-less Copid, that gives me all my pain, that

Mom.

gives me all my pain! Dear cause of all my anguish, for thee a-lone I

D s.

Wom.

sigh; cesse cease to let me languish, or sure thy love shall die! I'm vext I'm

Man. Wom. Man. Both.

plisn'd I loath the day, for grief I know not where I stray, yet all my cares are vain. This

Cu - pid ruth-less Cu - pid that gives me all my pain that gives me all my

sf.

Hom. *Man.* *Hom.* *Man.* *Both.*

pain. I'm vex'd, I'm plagued, I load the day for grief I know not where I stray, yet

all my cares are vain. Tis Cu-pid, ruth-less Cu-pid, that gives me all my

pain that gives me all my pain!

INVITATION TO MAY.

*Allegro.**Mozart.*

Re - turn de - light ful May and robe the trees with green, Bid

mu - sic wake the spray and glad the ver - nal scene The cowslip's bell res -

ture, the ro - se's blush re - vive, thy won - ted treasures pour and

bid cre-a-tion live.

mr. f

I.

RETURN, delightful May,
And robe the trees with green,
Bid music wake the spray
And glad the vernal scene.
The cowslip's bell restore,
The rose's blush revive,
Thy wonted treasures pour,
And bid creation live!

II.

In vain, while Winter's gloom
Invasades the drooping plain,
In quest of joy we roam
Mid fashions' motly train.
Joy shuns the noisy town,
The midnight masquerade:
From courts and cities flown
She haunts the rural shade!

III.

And well the rural shade
Befits a guest so fair.
Then haste, bedeck the mead,
Haste all thy stores prepare.
Sweet month, bring garlands gay,
And bring the nightingale!
O haste, delightful May,
And Winter's gloom dispel!

I N D E X.

N	ow Winter strips, with ruthless haste,	(<i>Der Winter hat mit kalter Hand</i>)	from Burger,	III.	Page.
	Snatch fleeting pleasures!	(<i>Freut euch des Lebens</i>)		IV.	
	Tell me, where's the villet fled,	(<i>Sagt, wo sind die Veilchen hin</i>)	Jacobi,	VI.	
	Scarce sixteen summers had I seen,	(<i>Ich war erst sechzehn Sommer alt;</i>)	Claudius,	VIII.	
	Let Truth and spotless Faith be thine,	(<i>Ueb' immer Treu und Redlichkeit</i>)	Hölty,	X.	
	Scatter'd o'er the starry pole,	(<i>Fühlest wieder Busch und Thal</i>)	Göthe,	XII.	
	O gentle be thy slumbers,	(<i>Hier schlummern meine Kinder</i>)	Burmann,	XIV.	
	Maiden, look me in the face,	(<i>Mädel, schau mir ins Gesicht</i>)	Bürger,	XVI.	
	Come, Laura, dearest maid,	(<i>Komm, Liebchen komm aufs Land</i>)	Müller,	XVIII.	
	How smiles the op'ning dawn,	(<i>Wie lieblich winkt sie mir</i>)		XX.	
	O Fortune, fickle goddess,	(<i>Lafs Glück in ihrem Kreise</i>)		XXII.	
	Could I fancy, that for me,	(<i>Wüst' ich, wüst' ich, dafs du mich</i>)	Bürger,	XXV.	
	All joy my breast forsaking,	(<i>Nich fliehen alle Freuden,</i>)	Bürger,	XXVI.	
	Return delightful May,	(<i>Komm lieber Mai und mache</i>)		XXX.	

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